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## Garden in the Mire

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## Garden in the Mire

### Connor Grenier

*Connor Grenier is a student at the University of North Dakota. Among his hobbies of reading, going outside, playing games, and enjoying the company of others, he finds time for his favorite of any artistic pursuit, writing.*

Violet seeds lay cold in the Earth  
These seeds proceed a gloomy birth  
Fed by freezing, lonesome rains  
Surrounded by frozen dirt

They sprout into decaying trees  
Heartache is a wicked weed  
Its roots are deep and clog your heart  
And is watered by bitter seas

Their flowers are wilted when they bloom  
Their fruits, if eaten, will spell your doom  
Your heart, a bog where nothing grows  
But sickly dank perfume

It's easy to fall into places so deep  
Where despair is so heavy you think that you'll sink  
But take a breath you mustn't drown  
There's nothing for you underneath

There are worms in mud that feed baby birds  
For every foul utterance, there are beautiful words  
The heart can be weeded and the soul can thaw  
And you'll find that a change has occurred

A rosy sun can break gloomy skies  
And nectars of flowers can bring butterflies  
Just remember that love, through flowers and weeds,  
Is the joy of being alive.